
Meaningless Radio News

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Channel #1:

I found a butterfly in the kitchen, her name's Eliza and I think she's adorable, not only because of the black and brownish yellow but also its black eyes, I could see it close up after it decided to fly from my forearm to my lower shoulder on the tip of my T-shirt

When she flew out of my shoulder she walked on my neck, I could feel her there even if I wasn't sure where she actually flew off I moved my head a little and when I continued feeling her pitter patter I just softly grazed against my neck, then she flew on a curtain

that was when I thought she was a very chill person and that people shouldn't really be that scared to insects like that even if she wasn't a big butterfly that my siblings used to fear

I wanted to remember her by taking a photo since I couldn't record her since my phone was down to 1% but when I went back to the kitchen after getting my phone she wasn't on the curtain anymore

Now I just hope that she'll have a great life

I did find her later to get a photo and realize just how wrong I was about the color of her wings

But also I had to take her outside with a cup, this is a photo of the final goodbye, I know this is supposed to be a radio but I'll just pretend like I sent a spectrogram



I didn't want her to end up like Greg

At least Greg taught me something which saved her life afterwards

Greg You potentially saved a life because of your action

You're a hero after death

(11 days later)

I learnt from grandma what type of butterfly Eliza was

She was a clothes eating butterfly that apparently only live one day but lay a lot of eggs

I feel so depressed now but I wish her day was made better by the experience I had with her

No joke I actually feel terrible and sick that she only had that day to live which was almost a month ago

I really hope Grandma is wrong about her type because then there would at least be hope that she had a long satisfying life

I feel so sad

I can even imagine a story where I shrink myself down and sit next to her in her dying breath as she dies looking at the sun set

her cute big eyes closing as she lays down next to me

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Channel #3:

.....:I:..... 'm happy that I decided to get creative with things again, I feel like I lost that part of myself when I wasn't doing anything new in the comment sections of Youtube videos or trying to find out what else I could screw around within the Word document

I still want to make stuff like this and come up with stories but as of now... I don't have anything to talk to you about, to the person listening to this radio that might be curious no I'm not actually planning to make this an actual radio podcast or something like that

But I do wish I could make a 1970s looking radio and put it in some random abandoned place with 100 pre recorded stories for every single 100 channels, I feel like listening to the exact same thing in a pre recorded radio won't be as fun anymore when they're done with the 100 (if they'll want to listen in the first place) so I could like... add two dials, one for the channels and second for the audios in that channel

And a long volume switch on the top, I don't remember what it's supposed to be called but I hope I'll remember later

or maybe I could add a mechanism that isn't so obvious or easy to do to change from one audio to the next in the same channel so that once the person who'll listen for a while will realize that there's much more to listen to

Maybe then I'll be able to actually speak with someone like "if you're in the future in a cabin surviving choose audio 7, if you're just an everyday person who found this radio in a random place choose 8 and if you're a survivalist but aren't isolated in one room bored out of your mind listening to these messages just because you're that bored choose 9, if you're going through depression and loss choose 10"

I'm saying all of this in case adult me will read this and decide to make it for whatever reason... even if he'll most likely not have enough time to be doing it or make himself feel like he doesn't have any time

Maybe for a School Project? God I hope so

If you're a person in 2058 in a messed up apocalypse and found this recording just imagine a dumb 16 year old child typing on his 2015 Windows laptop in 2022 hoping he'll leave some sort of a meaningful mark on the world while knowing he'll never achieve that goal because he can't even get himself to continue a Captain sauce animation project he's been working less and less on for over 3 months

Don't worry I won't leave you with that I'll add more things If I learn/experience or come up with anything

Oh also one dot is zero and two dots is one... not yet though

either way I'll see you

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Channel #4: I've never talked to anybody reading these messages... mostly because nobody's there but instead of holding off on the idea of talking to you I'd like to say at least a few things

1 are you adventurous or cautious about everything

Channel 5: I'm an adventurous person because I'm curious about what I can find even in the most unlikely places

Channel 6: I am cautious because I'd rather NOT get in any negative situations because I know something always goes wrong

Channel 7: I'm a little bit of both, sometimes I'm adventurous but sometimes I can't shake off the feeling that something bad is gonna happen if I delve too deep into a rabbit hole

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Channel #5:

It's been pretty lonely in this Radio station lately, the only fun I could do was count the amount of beans in my can before trying to hit that score by throwing custom paper

air planes into said can after I was done eating from it (my best score was 16.5 I called that last one a .5 because I could only see half a bean so I threw half a plane, after that I started counting half beans as full because... it's way harder to throw half planes)

I just want to write this to feel like I'm talking to somebody but I can't write every single reply you could have from my question even if I could pass the time doing it

so I'll talk about when I felt very adventurous

I was in a grave yard... wait for a second don't get to conclusions yet

I was in a type of grave yard where graves were placed in different sections and it was actually interesting to look around

I wasn't looking at the graves of people who's graves were still taken care of but instead the ones that were abandoned

How could I tell the difference? In those sections plants would be growing out which would mean that nobody was getting rid of those plants therefore the bigger the plants the longer it was abandoned

Even finding gloves and old plastic bottles were interesting to me because I didn't expect to find anything

I also found a small grave yard of 3 graves where there was one tomb stone that laid upside down next to one of them and when I turned it around after accidentally

pulling it out of the spider web that there was nothing written or drawn on it, the rocks had a smooth surface so I thought either someone was planning to do something with it but didn't and left it there or it's been such a long time whatever was on the surface has been erased

I still don't like the newer tomb stones because whatever you plaster onto them they'll fade away meaning nobody will be able to know what was on it

It's like a 2nd death

1st your heart stops 2nd your grave gets erased 3rd someone mentions you for the last time and 4th nobody will find the things you used to own therefore not even knowing the existence of an owner of said items so your influence in the minds of other people truly dies out

I might have carried away just a little bit too much but before I'll finish this I want to mention I remember seeing 3 other graves that interested me

They were covered with many big plants and only one of them had a picture of where the picture was supposed to be, it was a white and brown picture of a man with a mustache as I remember it and the images of two others have already withered away so that man is truly the final person of his kind who can continue living on in a way that he'd never expect

In a form of digital letters written by some stranger

I wonder if I'll be lucky enough to be a part of someone else's life this way even after death

Oh also I remember going to a snowy forest with my sisters and two other girls that I shamefully can't remember how we knew each other

we found an abandoned house, none of our parents knew we went that far which was the freest I've felt... ever, and I think everyone did

Also we climbed up and down a fence to get there so that was also a fun experience, we had to help each other out to do that too

The snow looked like smooth clouds and I also remember a very old pepsi can we found on the ground and how we took a picture of our adventure... it was the relatives who took pictures I didn't have my phone

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Channel #6: I

